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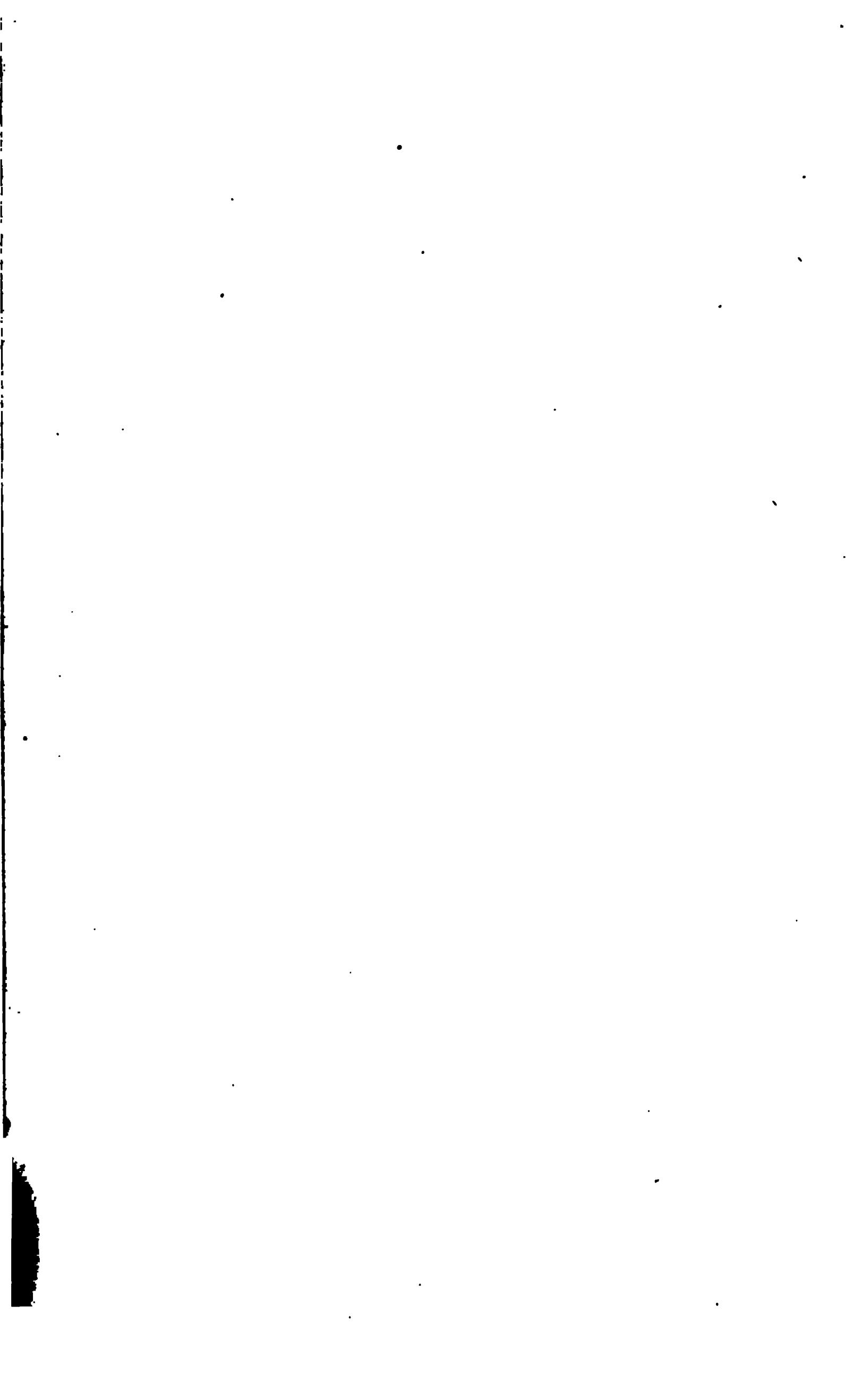




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HERE AND THERE

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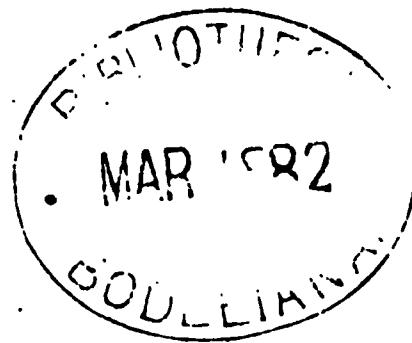
A BOOK OF WIT

SELECTED BY

H. L. SIDNEY LEAR

AUTHOR OF

"FOR DAYS AND YEARS;" "THE LIFE OF S. FRANCIS DE SALES;"
ETC. ETC.



RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

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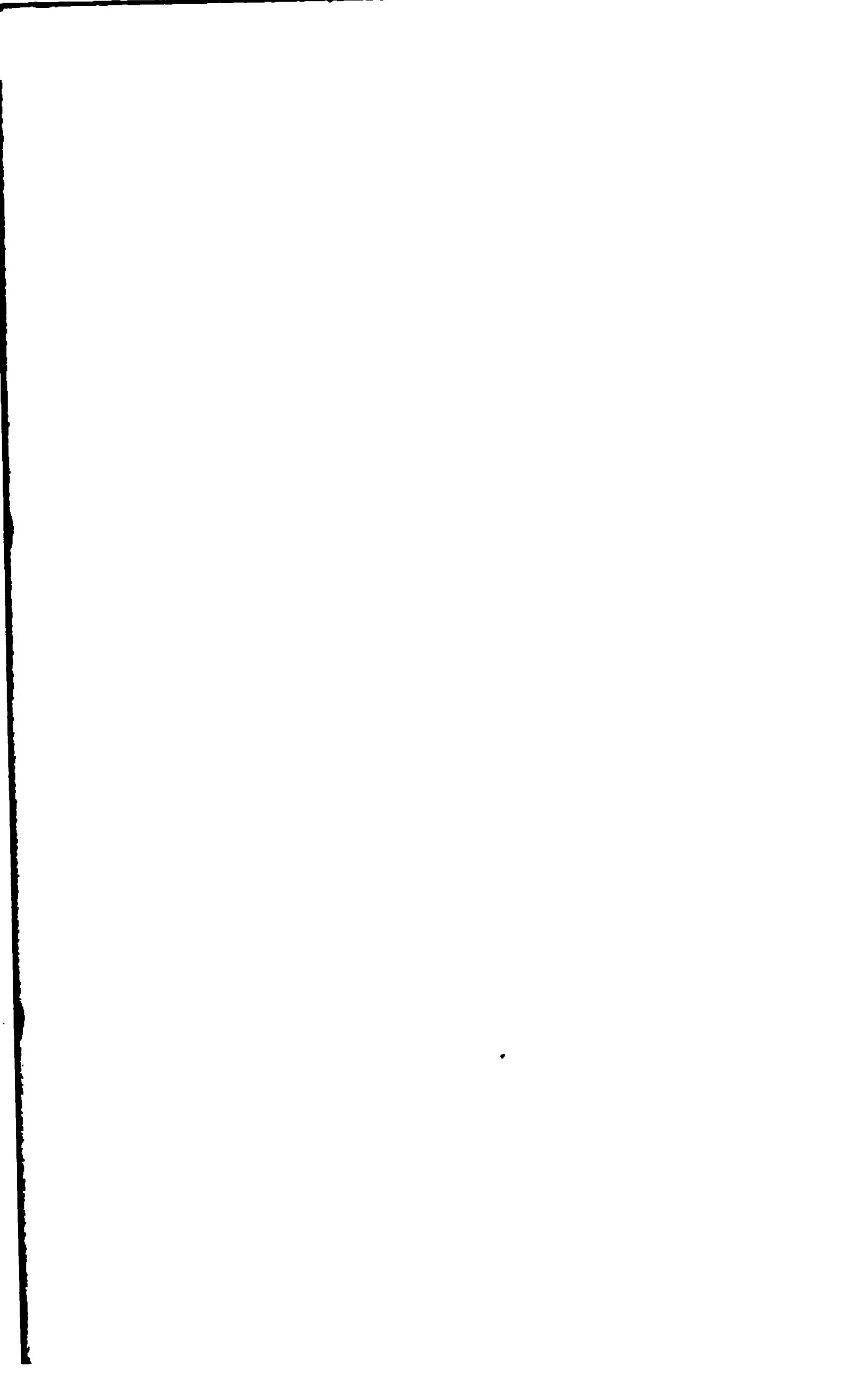
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HERE AND THERE

I.

WIT.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is wit,
Thou who art master of it ;
For the first matter loves variety less ;
Less women love it, either in love or dress :
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears :
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more ;
For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass,
As through a multiplying glass ;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a wit, that greatest word of fame,
 Grows such a common name ;
 And wits by our creation they become,
 Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome.

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
 Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
 Nor florid talk, which can that title gain ;
 The proof of wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
 With their five gouty feet ;
 All everywhere, like man's, must be the soul,
 And reason the inferior powers control.
 Such were the numbers which could call
 The stones into the Theban wall,
 Such miracles are ceas'd ; and now we see
 No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part ;
 That shows more cost than art.
 Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;
 Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
 Several lights will not be seen
 If there be nothing else between.
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' the sky,
 If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
 Jests for Dutch men and English boys,

In which who finds out wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostics poetry.

Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face ;
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
The author blush then when the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,

When Bajazet begins to rage ;
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short lung'd Seneca ;
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.

What is it then which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define ?

In a true piece of wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree :
As in the ark, joined without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.

Or as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small),
Which without discord or confusion lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. (1618-67.)

II.

“I’m very much surprised,” quoth Harry,
 “That Jane a gambler should marry !”
 “I’m not at all,” her sister says ;
 “You know he has such winning ways !”

III.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, POET LAUREATE.

IN merry old England it once was a rule
 For the king to employ both a poet and fool ;
 But now we’re so frugal, I’d have you to know it,
 That a laureate will serve both for fool and for poet.

POPE.

IV.

The house of Mr. Dundas, President of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, was turned into a blacksmith’s shop after his death. A gentleman wrote this *impromptu* on the door :

THIS house a lawyer once enjoyed,
 A smith doth now possess :
 How naturally the iron age
 Succeeds the age of brass !

V.

GOUT VERSUS GOÛT.

THE French have taste in all they do,
 Which we are quite without ;
 For Nature, that to them gave *goût*,
 To us gave only gout !

ERSKINE.

VI.

LAW.

ONCE, says an author (where I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way—
Both fierce, both hungry. The dispute grew strong,
While, scales in hand, Dame Justice passed along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explains the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes—opens, swallows it before their sight !
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
“ There, take,” says Justice, “ take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.
’Twas a fat oyster. Live in peace. Adieu.”

POPE.

VII.

THE END.

IF well thou hast begun, go on fore-right ;
It is the end that crownes us, not the fight.

HERRICK.

VIII.

WOMAN'S WILL.

THAT man's a fool who tries by art and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will :
For if she will, she will ; you may depend on 't—
And if she won't, she won't—and there's an end on 't.

IX.

*ON LORD PALMERSTON'S RETIREMENT FROM
LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MINISTRY.*

NEVER fear, my Lord John, since Palmerston goes,
 That the popular breath you will catch less :
 For rid of that Lucifer, every one knows
 Your Cabinet then will be matchless.

X.

At a tavern one night
 Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright
 Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange.
 Says More, "Of us three,
 The whole town will agree,
 There is only one knave, and that 's Strange !"
 "Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
 "I 'm sure there 's one More,
 A most terrible knave and a bite,
 Who cheated his mother,
 His sister, and brother."
 "Oh, yes," replied More, "that is Wright !"

XI.

A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR CHLOE, how blubbered is that pretty face !
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled !
 Prythee quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?
These looks were designed to inspire love and joy :
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping !

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong :
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit :
My life, must one swear to the truth of a song ?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is between nature and art :
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose ;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child), the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come ;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree ;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me !

MATTHEW PRIOR. (1664-1721.)

XII.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.**AN OLD BALLAD.**

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade ;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetcht a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew ;
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
 Enough to shock a saint,
 That though she did seem in a fit,
 'Twas nothing but a feint.

“Come, girl,” said he, “hold up your head,
 He'll be as good as me ;
 For when your swain is in our boat,
 A boatswain he will be.”

So when they'd made their game of her,
 And taken off her elf ;
 She roused, and found she only was
 A-coming to herself.

“And is he gone? and is he gone?”

She cried, and wept outright :

“Then will I to the water-side,

And see him out of sight !”

A waterman came up to her ;

“Now, young woman,” said he,

“If you weep on so, you will make

Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas ! they’ve taken my beau Ben

To sail with old Benbow ;”

And her woe began to run afresh,

As if she’d said “Gee woe !”

Says he, “They’ve only taken him

To the tender-ship, you see.”

“The tender-ship !” cried Sally Brown ;

“What a hard-ship that must be !

“Oh would I were a mermaid now,

For then I’d follow him ;

But oh ! I’m not a fish-woman,

And so I cannot swim.

“Alas ! I was not born beneath

The Virgin or the Scales ;

So I must curse my cruel stars,

And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
 That's underneath the world ;
 But in two years the ship came home,
 And all her sails were furled.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
 To see how she got on,
 He found she'd got another Ben,
 Whose Christian name was John.

“O Sally Brown ! O Sally Brown !
 How could you serve me so ?
 I've met with many a breeze before,
 But never such a blow !”

Then reading on his 'bacca-box
 He heaved a heavy sigh,
 And then began to eye his pipe,
 And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “All's Well,”
 But could not though he tried ;
 His head was turned, and so he chewed
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
 At forty odd befell :
 They went and told the sexton, and
 The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

XIII.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made ;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd ;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
“ What differs more (you cry) than crown and cowl ? ”
I 'll tell you, friend ! A wise man and a fool.
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella !

POPE.

XIV.

WHAT 's Fame ? A fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have ; and what 's unknown
The same (my Lord), if Tully's, or your own.

POPE.

XV.

MATTENS OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice ;
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.

Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.
 Thy golden censors fill'd with odours sweet,
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

HERRICK.

XVI.

EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove ; then is the worke halfe done,
 And runnes most smoothly when 'tis well begunne ;
 Jove's is the first and last ; the morn 's His due,
 The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too ;
 As sure as mattins do's to Him belong,
 So sure He layes claime to the evensong.

HERRICK.

XVII.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer incense, then thy fields and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads ;
 The spangling dew dredg'd o'er the grasse shall be
 Turn'd all to mell and manna then for thee.
 Butter of amber, creame, and wine and oile,
 Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soyl ;
 Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold ?
 Pray once, pray twice, and turn thy ground to gold.

HERRICK.

XVIII.

WHO can say bett than he, who can do worse ?
 Whan he hath well said, than hath he done.

CHAUCER, *The Squiere's Tale.*

XIX.

AN IRISH TELESCOPE, NOT LORD ROSSE'S.

A WORTHY peer of Erin's clime
Had a famed telescope in his possession,
And on a time
Of its amazing powers he made profession.
"Yon church," cried he, "is distant near a mile,
Yet when I view it steady for a while,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass, so strong and clear,
Does bring the church so near,
That often I can hear the organ play."

XX.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MARCH.

THAT when a lady's in the case,
All other things, of course, give place,
Was once a doubt with me, friend Gay ;
But Lady-Day the fact explains,
Who never comes but she distrains,
And carries all my things away !

By A TENANT.

XXI.

THOU addest daily to thy store thy gains ;
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains ?

XXII.

STANZAS TO THE SPEAKER ASLEEP.

1833.

SLEEP, Mr. Speaker ; it's surely fair,
 If you don't in your bed, that you should in your chair ;
 Longer and longer still they grow,
 Tory and Radical, Aye and No,
 Talking by night, and talking by day—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; slumber lies
 Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes ;
 Fielden or Finn, in a minute or two,
 Some disorderly thing will do ;
 Riot will chase repose away—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; Cobbett will soon
 Move to abolish the sun and the moon ;
 Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
 Of the House on a saving of thirteen pence ;
 Grattan will growl, or Baldwin bray—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; dream of the time
 When loyalty was not quite a crime,
 When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
 When Palmerston fancied Wood a fool :
 Lord, how principles pass away !—
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then ;
Sweet to the sorrowful, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in a mill !
You have more need of sleep than they—
Then sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you may !

W. M. PRAED.

XXIII.

WE think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

POPE.

XXIV.

BE thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

POPE.

XXV.

THE bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears ;
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.

* * * * *

No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard,
Nay, fly to letters ; there they 'll talk you dead ;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

POPE.

XXVI.

NOR Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

POPE.

XXVII.

ON PLUTARCH'S STATUE.

FROM THE GREEK.

WISE, honest Plutarch ! to thy deathless praise
 The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise ;
 For why ? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shared,
 Their heroes written, and their lives compared.
 But thou thyself couldst never write thy own ;
 Their lives had parallels, but thine has none.

DRYDEN.

XXVIII.

WORTH makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather and prunella ;
 What can ennable fools, or knaves, or cowards ?
 Nothing ; not all the blood of all the Howards !

DRYDEN.

XXIX.

DRYDEN'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

HERE lies my wife, here let her lie ;
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

XXX.

ON A DYER.

HERE lies the man who dyed of wool great store,
One day he died himself, and dyed no more.

XXXI.

WHEN man and wife at odds fall out,
Let syntax be your tutor ;
'Twixt masculine and feminine,
What should one be but neuter ?

XXXII.

*ON THE OCCASION OF MISS O'NEIL'S
BEING ILL.*

WHENE'ER a noble lord falls ill,
And needs the aid of doctors clever,
Whoe'er his proxy's place may fill,
The house goes on as well as ever.

But when O'Neil is indisposed,
The play stands still, the actor mute ;
The tragic scene at once is closed,
For her there is no substitute.

The reason is, say critics fearless,
“One's but a peer, the other peerless.”

XXXIII.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all ;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Katharine ;
 Beauteous Katharine gave place
 (Though loath and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began ;
 Alternately they swayed,
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose,
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been .
Under that iron sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me :
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the precious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sov'reign power ;
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame ;
And the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast ;
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began :
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria ;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines ;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries !

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel, the waiting maid ;
 I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weathers that befel)
 Than Holinshead or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess doth claim,
Heleonora ! first o' the name,
 Whom God grant long to reign !

A. COWLEY. (1618-1667.)

XXXIV.

KEATS.

Who killed John Keats ?
“ I,” says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly ;
“ ‘Twas one of my feats.”

Who shot the arrow ?
“ The poet Milman
(So ready to kill man)
Or Southey or Barrow.”

BYRON. (1821.)

XXXV.

“I LAUGH,” a wouldbe savant cried,
 “At every one that laughs at me !”
 “Good luck !” a cheerful friend replied,
 “How very merry you must be !”

XXXVI.

FROM THE GREEK.

EUTYCHIDAS in running for the prize
 Still lags : to dinner ask him, and he flies.

XXXVII.

MOTHERHOOD.

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
 Unscanned upon the broken wall :
 Without a tear, without a groan,
 She laid it near a mighty stone,
 Which some rude swain had haply cast
 Thither in sport, long ages past,
 And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,
 And fenced with many a tall grass-blade,
 And all about bid roses bloom,
 And violets shed their soft perfume.
 There, in its cool and quiet bed,
 She set her burden down and fled :
 Nor flung, all eager to escape,
 One glance upon the perfect shape

That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass
Across the linden-shadowed grass
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven :
Only the innocent birds of heaven —
The magpie, and the rook whose nest
Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest —
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,
Looked on when, as a summer wind,
That passing leaves no trace behind,
All unapparelled, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruined wall,
To leave upon the chill, dank earth
(For, ah ! she never knew its worth),
'Mid hemlock rank, and fern and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing !

And there it might have lain forlorn
From morn till eve, from eve to morn,
But that, by some wild impulse led,
The mother, ere she turned and fled,
One moment stood erect and high ;
Then poured into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice—as she strove to range
Her rebel ringlets at her glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass ;

Shook back those curls so fair to see,
 Clapped her soft hands in childish glee,
 And shrieked—her sweet face all aglow,
 Her very limbs with rapture shaking—
 “My hen has laid an egg, I know;
 And only hear the noise she’s making !”

C. S. CALVERLEY.

XXXVIII.

ALL men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread :
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; when passed the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O’er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG.

XXXIX.

BE wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer,
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG.

XL.

NO BASHFULNESS IN BEGGING.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside :
Who feares to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

HERRICK.

XLI.

EPIGRAM.

SPLENDEAT USU.

SEE ! stretched on Nature's couch of grass,
The footsore traveller lies !
Vast treasures let the great amass ;
A leatherne pouch, and burning-glass,
For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun its power displays,
In either hemisphere ;
Pours on Virginia's coast its blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise ;
And shines to light it—*here!*

SAMUEL BISHOP. (1760.)

XLII.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :

Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
 The flight is past—and man forgot !

DR. HENRY KING. (1591-1669.)

XLIII.

A LAUREATE EPIGRAM.

Believed to be written by Porson, but possibly by Canning.

POETIS nos lætamur tribus,
 Si vis amice scire quibus,
 Pye, Petro Pindar, *parvo* Pybus
 Si ulterius ire pergis
 Addatur Sir James Bland Burges.

The rule in grammar, if you try,
 You there will find the pronoun *qui*
 Declining down to *quibus*.
 To poets the same laws apply ;
 So, if the first is Laureate Pye,
 The last is surely Pybus.

XLIV.

ON A DULL DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

No wonder the debate fell dead
 'Neath such a constant fire of lead.

XLV.

BIS DAT, QUI CITO DAT.

cries Dick to Ned, "Attend to my advice,
Give a thing quickly, and you give it twice."
"I've felt your proverb's force," Ned archly cries ;
"It was your quickness gave me two black eyes !"

XLVI.

THE BITER BIT.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing
fair,

And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air ;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, O mother, but with me !

They are going to the church, mother—I hear the
marriage-bell ;

It booms along the upland—Oh, it haunts me like a
knell !

He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering
step,

And closely to his side she clings—she does, the demirep !

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft
have stood,

The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the
wood ;

And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words
that won my ear,
Wave their silver blossoms o'er him, as he leads his
bridal fere.

He will pass the stream, mother, where first my hand he
pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he
confessed ;
And down the hedgerows, where we've strayed again
and yet again ;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted
Jane.

He said that I was proud, mother—that I looked for
rank and gold ;
He said I did not love him—he said my words were cold ;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game ;
It may be that I did, mother ; but who hasn't done the
same ?

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now too
late ;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler
mate ;
But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted
thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother—my head is throbbing sore ;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before ;
And if you 'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother—and, mother, draw it mild !

BON GAULTIER.

XLVII.

ON A MISER.

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive, address,
“ Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit ? ”
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And smiling, pleasantly replied ;
“ Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard !
I came to lodge, and not to board.”

COWPER.

XLVIII.

SONNET.

THOSE lips, that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, “ I hate,”
To me that languish for her sake.
But when she saw my woful state,

Straight to her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that, ever sweet,
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;
 And taught it thus anew to greet :
 “ I hate ” she utter'd with an end
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend,
 From Heaven to hell is flown away.
 “ I hate ”—from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—“ Not you.”

SHAKESPEARE.

XLIX.

*ON DR. DODDRIDGE'S MOTTO : “DUM VIVIMUS
 VIVAMUS.”*

BY HIMSELF.

“ LIVE while you live,” the epicure would say,
 “ And seize the pleasure of the present day.”
 “ Live while you live,” the sacred preacher cries,
 “ And give to God each moment as it flies.”
 Lord, in my views let both united be,
 I live in pleasure while I live to Thee !

L.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
 Of future glory, which religion taught :
 Now Faith believed it to be firmly true,
 And Hope expected so to find it too.
 Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
 “ Believe, expect, I *know* it to be so.”

JOHN WESLEY.

LI.

*EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, THE CARRIER
OF SOUTHWELL,*

WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well ;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last :
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not carry off—so he 's now carrion.

BYRON.

LII.

WRITTEN DURING THE GORHAM TRIAL.

Argument for :

“ Baptized a baby
Fit sine labe;
As the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.”

Argument against :

“ Unless he be fit
We very much doubt it,
And devil a bit
Is it valid without it.”

Judgment:

“ Bishop and Vicar,
 Why do you bicker
 Each with his brother,
 Since both are right,
 Or one is quite
 As wrong as the other ? ”

Adjudication:

“ Bishop nonsuited,
 Priest unrefuted,
 To be instituted,
 Costs deliberative,
 Pondering well
 Each take a shell,
 The lawyers the native.”

SIR GEORGE ROSE.

LIII.

CANZONET.

THE golden sun that brings the day,
 And lends men light to see withal,
 In vain doth cast his beams away,
 When they are blind on whom they fall :
 There is no force in all his light
 To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou my sun, more bright than he
 That shines at noon in summer tide,
 Hast given me light and power to see
 With perfect skill my sight to guide ;

Till now I liv'd as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of Beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill,
I gaz'd on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will,
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find :
And yet those dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadows of thy light !

—DAVIDSON's *Rhapsody*. (Edit. 1608.)

LIV.

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free ;
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the love-sick aire ;
When as that rubie which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beautie's gone !

HERRICK.

LV.

*TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO
HIM HIS GRAY HAires.*

AM I despised because you say,
 And I dare sweare, that I am gray?
 Know, lady, you have but your day,
 And time will come when you shall weare
 Such frost and snow upon your haire ;
 And when, though long, it comes to passe,
 You question with your looking-glasse,
 And in that sincere Christall seek,
 But find no rosebud in your cheek,
 Nor any bed to give the shew
 Where such a rose carnation grew ;
 Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
 It will be told,
 That you are old ;
 By those true teares y' are weeping.

HERRICK.

LVI.

*TO A CLERGYMAN FROM SOME OF HIS FLOCK,
AFTER HE HAD READ ROMANS XVI.*

To-DAY you said, “ Ye know Stephānus,”
 This misconception, sir, doth pain us ;
 For it is Stephānus we know,
 And beg that you will call him so.

LVII.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite,
Both in riding and driving along :
If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you go wrong.
But in walking the streets, 'tis a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear ;
To the left should be left quite enough of free space
For the persons you chance to meet there.

LVIII.

IF evils come not, then our fears are vain ;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

LIX.

A TRAVELLER, some little time back,
Was telling another a history,
Whose manners betrayed a great lack
Of sense, to unravel the mystery.
“ Why, sir, it is strange you can’t see !
Or perhaps it don’t meet your belief ?
’Tis as simple as plain A. B. C. ; ”
“ Yes, ” cries t’ other ; “ but I ’m D. E. F. ”

CHARLES MATHEWS.

LX.

*ON A STONE THROWN AT GEORGE III.,
WHICH MISSED HIM.*

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the head
 From a flint so unhappily thrown ;
 I think very different from thousands, indeed
 'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

PETER PINDAR.

LXI.

AN Irishman, charged with a crime,
 Was told it would be brought home to him.
 "No, no," quoth Pat, "it shan't this time—
 I 'll keep away from home, and *do 'em*."

LXII.

IN praise of honesty and truth
 Men's busy tongues are never still :
 'Tis well, for both are fled from earth,
 "De mortuis nisi bonum nil."

LXIII.

*ON LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE
CHANCELLORS.*

LIVES of great men misinform us ;
 Campbell's Lives in this sublime,
 Errors frightfully enormous,
 Misprints on the sands of Time.

LXIV.

***SYDNEY SMITH'S ADVICE TO THE CHAPTER
OF S. PAUL'S,***

**ABOUT THE NEW WOOD PAVEMENT FOR S. PAUL'S
CHURCHYARD, VERSIFIED.**

Why fret and frit your time away,
Grumbling about this wooden way?
Just put your heads together, friends,
And in a trice we've means to ends.

T. C. NAPLETON.

LXV.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam first began,
Sure none but Whiston doubts ;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only difference now,
Some shot off late, some soon ;
Your sires in the morning left off plough,
And ours in the afternoon.

SWIFT.

LXVI.

FROM MARTIAL.

NEVER to sup without boar's head, a noble gourmand
swore :
Quite right, my lord, where'er *you* sup, we'll always have
a bore !

LXVII.

TO STELLA,

ON HER FORTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, 1724.

BEAUTY and wit, too sad a truth !
Have always been confined to youth ;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?
Adieu ! bright wit and radiant eyes !
You must be grave, and I be wise ;
Our fate in vain we would oppose,
But I 'll be still your friend in prose.
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young ?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ?

That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown ;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight ;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I 'm ashamed to use a glass :
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit ;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight !

SWIFT.

LXVIII.

DAPHNE.

LOSE no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her ;
Never take it in your thought
That she 'll own or cure a fault ;
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her :
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she 's right,
She may then grow wise for spite.

SWIFT.

LXIX.

TRANSLATION FROM LESSING.

A LONG way off—Lucinda strikes the men :
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

LXX.

*ON MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION OF
HOMER.*

cries Macpherson with pride, “Every mortal that knows him

Must own the sublime lofty power of his pen ;
But I will so change, and so metamorphose him,
Not one in a thousand shall know him again.”

LXXI.

Oh, restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heaven resolves to hide !

POPE

LXXII.

LONG in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end :
Arm'd as with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue,
Wounded we wound, and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail.

POPE.

LXXIII.

TO A CHILDLESS NOBLEMAN.

So, Heaven is deaf to thy renewed petition?
Of such as thee 'twill give no new edition!

LXXIV.

Of great connections with great men,
Ned keeps up a perpetual pother;
"My lord knows what, knows who, knows when;
My lord says this, thinks that, does t'other."

My lord had formerly his fool,
We know it, for 'tis on record:
But now by Ned's inverted rule,
The fool, it seems, must have his lord!

LXXV.

A SONG.

My heart, I bid thee answer!
How are love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts, by one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought!"

And tell me how love cometh?
" 'Tis here! unsought, unsent."
And tell me how love goeth?
"That was not *love* which went!"

HALM'S *Son of the Desert.*

LXXVI.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE CHARACTERISED.

WHERE genius starves and dulness thrives,
 Where riches virtue are esteemed,
 And craft is truest wisdom deemed :
 Where commerce proudly rears her throne,
 In state to other lands unknown ;
 Where to be cheated and to cheat,
 Strangers from every quarter meet ;
 Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
 United in commercial bands ;
 All of one faith, and that to own
 No god but Interest alone.

CHURCHILL.

LXXVII.

As Quin and Foote one day walked out,
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood they chatting stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his purse a shilling took,
 And said, “ I ’ll bet a penny,
 In a short space, within this place,
 I ’ll make this piece a guinea.”

Upon the ground, within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown ;

“Behold,” says Foote, “the thing’s made out,
For there is one pound one.”

“I wonder not,” says Quin, “that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that’s the way your debts to pay,
One shilling in the pound !”

T. W. CROKER.

LXXVIII.

ON BEN JONSON.

THOU hadst the wreath before, now take the tree ;
That henceforth none be laurel crown’d but thee.

HERRICK.

LXXIX.

LOTS.

LEARN this of me, where’er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot or not, to be content with all.

HERRICK.

LXXX.

UPON SHEWBREAD.

LAST night thou didst invite me home to eate,
And shew’st me there much plate, but little meate.
Prithee, when next thou do’st invite, barre state,
And give me meate, or give me else thy plate.

HERRICK.

LXXXI.

UPON ROOK.

Rook, he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie
 Fie on this pride, this female vanitie,
 Thus, tho' the Rook do's raile against the sin,
 He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

HERRICK.

LXXXII.

MAN knows when first he ships himself, but he
 Never can tell where shall his landing be.

HERRICK.

LXXXIII.

EPIGRAM.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
 Plain folk in humble plight ;
 One only tankard crown'd their board,
 And that was filled each night ;

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
 In pride of chubby grace,
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
 A baby angel's face.

John swallowed first a moderate sup,
But Joan was not like John :
For when her lips once touched the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot ;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd ;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a fiend portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever, when she seized her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified ;
His hair stood on his pate :
And “ why dost guzzle now,” he cried,
“ At this enormous rate ? ”

“ Oh, John,” she said, “ am I to blame ?
I can't in conscience stop ;
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the devil a drop ! ”

LXXXIV.

THE FARMERS' CENTENARY CONTRASTED.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CAUSES OF AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

1722.

MAN, to the plough :
 Wife, to the cow ;
 Girl, to the sow ;
 Boy, to the mow ;
 And your rents will be
 Netted.

1822.

MAN, tally-ho !
 Miss, piano ;
 Wife, silk and satin ;
 Boy, Greek and Latin ;
 And you 'll all be
 Gazetted !

From "The Times."

LXXXV.

THE seeds of treason choake up as they spring :
 He acts the crime that gives it cherishing.

HERRICK.

LXXXVI.

LOVE IS BLIND.

WHAT I fancy I approve,
 No dislike is there in love.
 Be my mistress short or tall,
 And distorted then with all ;
 Be she likewise one of those
 That an acre hath of nose ;

Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities ;
Be her cheeks so shallow too
As to shew her tongue wag through ;
Be her lips ill hung or set,
And her grinders black as jet,
Hath she thinne hair, hath she none,
She 's to me a paragon !

HERRICK.

LXXXVII.

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use,
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make :
Load some vain church with old theartic state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patched doghole eked with ends of wall ;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the wind through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door,
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art !

POPE.

LXXXVIII.

EPIGRAM ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS.

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm grieved ;
 Where still so much is said,
 One half will never be believed,
 The other never read !

POPE.

LXXXIX.

ON THE ASSERTION THAT TO BE A POET IS THE NEXT THING TO BEING A FOOL.

“A POET,” cries Bubo, “is next to a fool,
 And,” he adds, “the experience of ages will show it ;”
 But Bubo himself gives the lie to the rule,
 For he proves that a fool’s very far from a poet !

XC.

To win the maid the poet tries,
 And sonnets writes to Mabel’s eyes :
 She likes a *verse*, but, cruel whim,
 She still appears *a-verse* to him !

PUNCH.

XCI.

ON SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE Tories vow the Whigs are black as night,
 And boast that they alone are blessed with light.
 Peel’s politics to both sides so incline,
 He may be called the *equinoctial line*.

XCII.

ON LORD BROUGHAM.

“I WONDER if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,”
Said a punster perusing a trial.
“I vow, since his lordship was made Baron Vaux,
He’s been *Vaux et præterea nihil.*”

XCIII.

OLD CLO!

THERE is a sound that’s dear to me,
It haunts me in my sleep ;
I wake, and if I hear it not,
I cannot choose but weep.
Above the roaring of the wind,
Above the water’s flow,
Methinks I hear the mystic cry
Of “Clo ! old Clo !”

The exile’s song, it thrills among
The dwellings of the free,
Its sound is strange to English ears,
But ’tis not strange to me ;
For it hath shook the tented field,
In ages long ago,
And hosts have quailed before the cry
Of “Clo ! old Clo !”

Oh, lose it not, forsake it not !
 And let no time efface
 The memory of that solemn sound,
 The watchword of our race ;
 For not by dark and eagle eye
 The Hebrew you shall know,
 So well as by the plaintive cry
 Of “ Clo ! old Clo ! ”

Even now perchance, by Jordan’s banks,
 Or Sidon’s sunny walls,
 Where, dial-like, to portion time,
 The palm-tree’s shadow falls,
 The pilgrims, wending on their way,
 Will linger as they go,
 And listen to the distant cry
 Of “ Clo ! old Clo ! ”

BON GAULTIER.

XCIV.

ON THE POET BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy-omen’d name
 Ensures continuance to thy fame ;
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,
 While fields shall bloom thy name shall live.

KIRKE WHITE.

XCV.

TRADES' UNIONISTS.

WHAT is a Unionist? One who has yearnings
For an equal division of unequal earnings ;
Tiller or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

E. ELLIOT.

XCVI.

THE RESOLVE.

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid ;
Nor of a rare, seraphic voice,
 That like an angel sings ;
Though if I were to take my choice,
 I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
 And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
 Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
 But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
 Each common object brings.

Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
 Lilies their whiteness stain :
 What fool is he that shadows seeks,
 And may the substance gain !
 Then if thou 'lt have me love a lass,
 Let it be one that 's kind,
 Else I 'm a servant to the glass
 That 's with canary lin'd.

ALEXANDER BROME. (1645.)

XCVII.

*ON THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE WHIG
 FRIENDS OF THE PRINCE REGENT
 AT NOT COMING INTO OFFICE.*

YE politicians, tell me pray,
 Why thus with woe and care rent ?
 This is the worst that you can say,
 Some wind has blown the wig away,
 And left the Hair Apparent.

CHARLES LAMB.

XCVIII.

ON THE ART UNIONS.

THAT picture raffles will conduce to nourish
 Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
 Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing ;
 But surely lotteries encourage drawing ?

T. HOOD.

XCIX.

SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes !

T. HOOD.

C.

POETRY.

Two objects always should the poet move, —
Or one or both—to please or to improve.
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line ;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.
Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth :
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales.

BYRON.

CI.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT,

POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER ! behold interr'd together,
The souls of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his all :
You 'll find his relics in a stall.

His works were neat, and often found
 Well stitch'd, and with morocco bound.
 Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
 He cannot mend the shoe he made ;
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his sole.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only “leather and prunella” ?
 For character he did not lack it ;
 And if he did—’twere shame to “black it.”

BYRON.

CII.

SONG.

THRYSIS, unjustly you complain,
 And tax my tender heart
 With want of pity for your pain,
 Or sense of your desert.

By secret and mysterious springs,
 Alas ! our passions move ;
 We women are fantastic things,
 That like before we love.

You may be handsome and have wit,
 Be secret and well bred ;
 The person love must to us fit,
 He only can succeed.

Some die, yet never are believed ;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceived,
And proud to be undone !

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. (1639-1701.)

CIII.

REMEDY WORSE THAN DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe ; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over :
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

MATTHEW PRIOR. (1664-1721.)

CIV.

ON SEEING THE WORDS "DOMUS ULTIMA" INSCRIBED ON THE VAULT BELONGING TO THE DUKES OF RICHMOND IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

DID he, who thus inscribed the wall,
Not read, or not believe Saint Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands ?
Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a House of Lords ?

CLARKE.

CV.

MORAL BOOK-KEEPING.

BOB, to my face, is oft too kind,
 He overrates both worth and talents ;
 But then, he never fails, I find,
 When we're apart, to strike the balance.

CVI.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
 In learning and science so greatly abound ;
 Since some carry thither a little each day,
 And we meet with so few who bring any away.

CVII.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

FROM THE LATIN.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, were worse, my friend ;
 For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

COWPER.

CVIII.

SIR SIMON, as snoring he lay in his bed,
 Was awaked by the cry, "Sir, your lady is dead !"
 He heard, and returning to slumber, quoth he,
 "When I wake in the morning, O how grieved I shall be!"

CIX.

ON A JEALOUS WIFE.

IN this little vault she lies
Here, with all her jealousies.
Quiet yet, but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake,
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble death to lay agen.

HERRICK.

CX.

FOR grant the bad what happiness you wou'd,
One they must want, which is to pass for good !

POPE.

CXI.

“ YET Chloe sure was form'd without a spot ? ”
—Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say what can Chloe want ? ”—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

POPE.

CXII.

WHO builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

POPE.

CXIII.

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
 Thus shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE.

CXIV.

THEY call thee rich, I deem thee poor,
 Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
 But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

COWPER.

CXV.

EDITOR AND CORRESPONDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT, something new
 Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
 The Editor his letter read,
 And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

CXVI.

CORNISH EPITAPH.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's day ;
 Some only break their fast, and so away.
 Others stay dinner, and depart full fed,
 The longest age but sups and goes to bed :
 He's most in debt that lingers out the day ;
 Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

CXVII.

SWANS sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

CXVIII.

*THE BRIEF REPORT OF A CASE BY A
MASTER IN CHANCERY.*

MR. LEACH made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong ;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.

Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew about what ;
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,
Sat down, fatigued and hot.

Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without ;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,
And the Chancellor* said, “ I doubt.”

SIR GEORGE ROSE.

CXIX.

TO ISABELLA, TEASING FOR MONEY.

DEAR BELL, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

* ELDON.

CXX.

FROM THE FRENCH (ROUSSEAU).

A LORD of senatorial fame
 Was by his portrait known outright,
 For so the painter played his game
 It made one even yawn at sight.

“ ‘Tis he, the same—there’s no defect,
 But want of speech,” exclaimed a flat,
 To whom the limner—“ Pray reflect,
 ‘Tis surely not the worse for that?”

CXXI.

FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

WHY durst you offer, Marcus, to aver
 Nature abhorred a vacuum? Do confer
 But with your empty skull, then you’ll agree,
 Nature *does* suffer a vacuity.

CXXII.

THE poor in wit or judgment, like all poor,
 Revile, for having least, those who have more;
 So ‘tis the critic’s scarcity of wit
 Makes him traduce them who have most of it.
 Since to their pitch himself he cannot raise,
 He them to his mean level would debase;
 Acting like demons, that would all deprive
 Of Heaven, to which themselves can ne’er arrive.

POPE.

CXXIII.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy, be silent, and attend !)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour ;
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly ;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

“ Has she no faults, then ” (Envy says), “ sir ? ”
Yes, she has one, I must aver ;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear !

POPE.

CXXIV.

SOME, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it into use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

POPE.

CXXV.

TO AN INCONSTANT WOMAN.

I LOV'D thee once, I 'll love no more ;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame :
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same ?

He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain.
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine :
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thine own,
I might perhaps have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthral ;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain.
When new desires had conquered thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.
Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee :
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

From a "Choice Collection of Scots' Poems." 1709.

CXXVI.

*VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED
MAIDEN*

WHO DID SOREL Y BEGUIL E THE NOBLE KNIGHT,
MY TRUE FRIEND.

WHY didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways?
She did in sooth display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan—
Let others guard their careless heart—
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit.

But ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er,
 She might have poison'd all thy life ;
 Such wayward mind had bred thee more
 Of sorrow had she proved thy wife :
 Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
 And bless thyself that art so freed.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
 Unmark'd by all the shining fair
 Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
 As heart of love can never bear ;
 Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
 So liveth she—an unlov'd maid.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

From the "Nugæ Antiquæ," 1564.

CXXVII.

*ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BEING
 NEARLY CHOKED*

WITH A PARTRIDGE BONE AT DINNER.

STRANGE that the Duke whose life was charmed
 'Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,
 Nor by the Imperial Eagle harmed,
 Should be endangered by a partridge !

'Twould surely everyone astony
As soon as ever it was known,
That the great conqueror of Boney
Himself was conquered by a bone !

CXXVIII.

QUERY—SUCCESSFUL?

My brother wrote a letter to his love,
And filled it full of warm and keen desire :
He hoped to raise a flame—and so he did—
The lady put his rubbish in the fire.

CXXIX.

ON A CHIGNON.

THE lovely hair that Mary wears
Is hers—who would have thought it ?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

CXXX.

VANITAS!

HIS study ! with what authors is it stored ?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord.
To all their dated backs he turns you round ;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil bound,
Lo ! some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of prayer :
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven,
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

POPE.

CXXXI.

THE MARRIED SCHOLAR.

A SCHOLAR, newly enter'd marriage life,
 Following his study, did offend his wife,
 Because when she his company expected,
 By bookish business she was still neglected.
 Coming into his study, "Lord!" quoth she,
 "Can papers cause you love them more than me?
 I would I were transformed into a book,
 That your affection might upon me look!
 But in my wish be it withal decreed
 I would be such a book you love to read.
 Husband, (quoth she) which book's form should I take?"
 "Marry," said he, "'twere best an almanack:
 The reason wherefore I do wish thee so,
 Is, every year we have a new, you know!"

S. ROWLANDS. (1600.)

CXXXII.

A VAIN SEARCH.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

POPE.

CXXXIII.

AN EPIGRAM OF PORSON'S,

ON A COLLEGE DON WHO ALWAYS PRONOUNCED THE
A IN "EUPHRATES" SHORT.

VENIT ad Euphratum, rapidis perterritus undis,
Ut cito transiret, corripuit fluvium."

(Jekyll translated this conclusion, "abridged the river.")

CXXXIV.

*TO A PEERESS ON THE DEATH OF HER
PET PIG.*

O DRY that tear so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind;
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are left behind.

CXXXV.

NOSCE TE IPSUM.

ONE bowed to me—I'd seen him long ago,
But not remembering him, I asked him "Who?"
"I do not know."

"Surely," I said, "I know you?" "I," said he, "know you,
But one who knows himself, I never knew."

CXXXVI.

NEC SUTOR ULTRA.

A COBBLER and a curate once disputed,
 Before a judge, about the king's injunctions ;
 Wherein the curate being still confuted,
 One said 'twere good if they two changed functions :
 Nay, quoth the judge, I thereto would be loth,
 But an' you like, we 'll make them cobblers both.

PERROT'S *Book of Epigrams.* (1613.)

CXXXVII.

SIR HUDBRAS.

WE grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficult,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic :
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute :
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man 's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope :
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talk'd like other folk :
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to shew 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect

Which learned pedants much affect.
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patcht and piebald languages :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock could ne'er be spent :
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit ;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could tell the size of pots of ale ;

Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over,
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood by implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go ;
All which he understood by rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote :
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their nature by abstracts ;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly :
Where truth in person doth appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what—and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able

As he that hight Irrefragable ;
 A second Thomas, or at once
 To name them all, another Dunce :
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all :
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That 's empty when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That 's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice.

* * * *

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit.
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant.
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,

And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipt God for spite ;
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow :
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge.
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,

To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got the advowson of his conscience.

SAMUEL BUTLER. (1612-1680.)

CXXXVIII.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PRINCE REGENT

STAND BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF HENRY VIII. AND CHARLES I. IN THE ROYAL VAULT AT WINDSOR.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies :
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king.

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife—
 In him the double tyrant starts to life :
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
 Ah, what can tombs avail ! since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George !

BYRON.

CXXXIX.

WHY WALES HAS NO POET.

'TIS said, O Cambria, thou hast tried in vain
 To form great poets ; and the cause is plain.
 Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans sound
 Among thy sons, but no Ap-Oollo's found.

CXL.

*ON BARRINGTON, BISHOP OF DURHAM, AND
BARRINGTON, THE PICKPOCKET.*

Two names of late, in a different way,
With spirit and zeal did bestir 'em :
The one was transported to Botany Bay,
The other translated to Durham.

CXLI.

HOMER, VIRGIL, AND MILTON.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

DRYDEN.

CXLII.

ON THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet.
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

SWIFT.

CXLIII.

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our life is curst ;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
 Afflictions easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are lab'ring in my breast,
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest !

How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I 'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope !

WILLIAM WALSHE. (1663-1709.)

CXLIV.

ON LORDS SPENCER AND SANDWICH.

Two noble earls whom, if I quote,
 Some folks might call me sinner ;
 The one invented half a coat,
 The other half a dinner.

The plan was good, as some will say,
And fitted to console one,
Because in this poor starving day
Few can afford a whole one.

CXLV.

*ON THE DEATH OF THE INVENTOR OF
MORRISON'S PILLS.*

“WHAT’S the news?” “Why they say death has killed
Dr. Morrison.”
“The pill-maker?” “Yes.” “Then death will be sorry
soon!”

CXLVI.

*THE BLEEDING HAND.**A SPRIG OF EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID.*

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine.
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove,
Many thorns to be in love.

HERRICK.

CXLVII.

THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noyse-lesse snow, or as the dew of night;
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are, by the sunbeams, tickled by degrees.

HERRICK.

CXLVIII.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the West Country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the West Country
 But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elmtree stand beside,
 And behind doth an ashtree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
 Joyfully he drew nigh,
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank
 Under the willowtree.

There came a man from the house hard by
 At the Well to fill his pail ;
 On the Well-side he rested it,
 And bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ” quoth he,
 “ For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I ’ll venture my life,
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply,
“But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornishman, “many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

“But if the wife should drink of it first . . .
Heaven help the husband then!”
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?”
He to the Cornishman said :
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
 And left my wife in the porch ;
 But good sooth ! she had been wiser than me,
 For she took a bottle to church !”

SOUTHEY.

CXLIX.

BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM?

“ WHICH is of greater value, prithee say,
 The bride or bridegroom ?” Must the truth be told ?
 Alas, it must ! The bride is given away,
 The bridegroom’s often regularly sold !

CL.

AN INQUEST.

GREAT Bulwer’s works fell on Miss Basbleu’s head,
 And in a moment, lo ! the maid was dead !
 A jury sat, and found the verdict plain—
 She died of milk and water on the brain.

CLI.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
 Good Mussulman, abstain from pork :
 There is a part in every swine
 No friend or follower of mine
 May taste, whate’er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication.

Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large,
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest ;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred ;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those ;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head ;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail,
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh — 'tis well — the tale applied
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries,
We do — a multitude replies,
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards ;
And one whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play ;
Some love a concert, some a race ;
And others shooting, and the chase.
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus bit by bit, the world is swallowed ;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,

Yet likes a slice, as well as he ;
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

COWPER.

CLII.

ON THE QUEEN KEOPALANI (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

WHOSE NAME MEANS "THE DROPPING OF THE CLOUDS FROM HEAVEN."

THIS name's the best that could be given,
 As will by proof be quickly seen ;
 For "dropping from the clouds of Heaven,"
 She was of course the Raining Queen.

CLIII.

A NEW READING.

A way to dress
 In the mode I guess
 Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
 And poor Mr. Spratt
 Must cry, "No fat,"
 And his wife will *cri-no-lene*.

CLIV.

MICHAELMAS DAY.

FIVE thousand geese this day are doomed to die :
 What dreadful havoc mid society !

CL.V.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

A BALLAD.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side ;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke :
“ My pretty maiden, if you ’ll agree,
You shall always amble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,
But kick’d the grey mare, and away she spurr’d.
The wooer still followed behind the jade,
And enjoy’d—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode through moss, and they rode through more,
The gallant behind, and the lass before :
At last they came to a miry place,
And then the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, "If my nag were better to ride,
 I'd follow her over the world so wide.
 Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
 But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail!"

THOMAS HOOD.

CLVI.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Pr'ythee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Pr'ythee why so pale?

 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Pr'ythee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her!
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. (1608-1641.)

CLVII.

AMBITIO FEMININI GENERIS.

MISTRESS Matrossa hopes to be a lady,
Not as a dignity of late expected ;
But from the time almost she was a baby,
That hath your richest gentlemen rejected :
But yet not dubbed at present as she should be,
Lives in expectance still—my Lady Would-be.

PERROTS' *Book of Epigrams.* (1613.)

CLVIII.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies John Bun,
Killed by a gun ;
His real name was Wood,
But that wouldn't rhyme,
So I thought Bun should.

CLIX.

IN THE GRAVEYARD OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

YOUTH builds for age ; age builds for rest ;
They who build for heaven build best.

CLX.

CROSSES.

THOUGH good things answer many good intents,
Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.

HERRICK.

CLXI.

**WRITTEN AT SEA IN THE FIRST DUTCH
WAR, 1665,**

THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la !

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchman or by wind :
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old :
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree :
For what resistance can they find,
From men who've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry maid,
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you!
With a fa, la, la, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care,
For being so remote,
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,

In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea !
With a fa, la, la, &c.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset. (1637-1706.)

CLXII.

A STRONG HAND.

TENDER-HANDED touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a lad of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains,
So it is with these fair creatures,
Use them kindly, they rebel ;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

AARON HILL.

CLXIII.

A REPARTEE.

“ To this night's masquerade,” quoth Dick,
“ By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a jolly trick,
To go as Charles the Second.”

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said,
“ You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head.”

CLXIV.

ON MR. MILTON THE LIVERY STABLE
KEEPER.

Two Miltons in separate ages were born,
The cleverer Milton 'tis clear we have got ;
Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his news, which the other could not.

THOS. HOOK.

CLXV.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

“DEAR TOM,” says John, “I’ve viewed the world around ;
Disinterestedness I ne’er have found.”
“I must,” quoth John, “from your opinion vary,
For I have found it—in the dictionary!”

CLXVI.

GOVE CUT.

“WHAT: master and mistress gone out?”
“Indeed,” replies John, “sir, ‘tis true!”
“I’ll wait, and sit down by the fire.”
“You can’t, sir, for that’s gone out too!”

CLXVII.

FOOLS AND BABES TELL TRUE.

Two friends that met would give each other wine,
And made their entrance at next bush and sign,
Calling for claret, which they did agree,
(The season hot) should qualified be

With water and sugar : so the same being brought
By a new boy in vintner's tricks untaught,
They bade him quickly bring fair water in ;
Who look'd as strange as he amaz'd had bin.
" Why dost not stir," quoth they, " with nimble feet?"
" 'Cause, gentlemen," said he, " it is not meet
To put in too much water in your drink,
For there 's enough already, sure I think ;
Richard the drawer, by my troth I vow,
Put in great store of water even now!"

S. ROWLANDS. (1600.)

CLXVIII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses : Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and teams of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how.
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes :
She won, and Cupid blind did rise—
O Love, hath she done this to thee !
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

JOHN LYLY. (*Circa 1553.*)

CLXIX.

DAYS OF OLD.

Not these the thoughts that could perplex
The fancies of our fickle sex,
When England's favourite, good Queen Bess,
Was queen alike o'er war and dress.
Then ladies gay played *chess*—and ballads,
And learnt to dress their hair—and salads ;
Sweets, and sweet looks, were studied then,
And both were pleasing to the men ;
For cookery was allied to taste,
And girls were taught to blush—and baste.
Dishes were bright, and so were eyes,
And lords made love—and ladies pies.
Then Valour won the wavering field
By dint of hauberk and of shield,
And Beauty won the wavering heart
By dint of pickle and of tart :
The minuet was the favourite dance ;
Girls loved the needle, boys the lance ;
And Cupid took his constant post
At dinner by the boiled and roast,
Or secretly was wont to lurk
In tournament or needlework.
Oh ! 'twas a reign of all delights,
Of hot sirloins, and hot Sir Knights ;
Feasting and fighting, hand in hand,
Fattened and glorified the land ;

And noble chiefs had noble cheer,
And knights grew strong upon strong beer :
Honour and oxen both were nourished,
And chivalry—and pudding—flourished.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

CLXX.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES at first were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my Sapho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquisht quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread,
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

HERRICK.

CLXXI.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excell,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poore girles, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blowes did make you blew.

HERRICK.

CLXXII.

CASUALTIES.

Good things that come of course, far lesse doe please,
Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

HERRICK.

CLXXIII.

THE MISER'S WILL.

“I GIVE and devise,” old Euclio said,
“My lands and tenements to Ned.”
“Your money, sir?” “My money! Sir, what all?
Why, well then, if I must—I give it Paul.”
“The Manor, sir?” “The Manor! hold!” he cried,
“I will not, cannot part with that!” and died.

POPE.

CLXXIV.

TO A PAINTED LADY.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess:
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

CLXXV.

A RETORT.

A HAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
“Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit!”
The scholar said, “I always do,” and gave him it.

CLXXVI.

ON KING CHARLES II'S PICTURE.

BEHOLD a witty, foolish king,
Whose faith no man relies on !
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one !

ROCHESTER.

CLXXVII.

ON TRANSLATIONS.

IMMODEST words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice ;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
Then will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise :
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill :
For who without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd ?

Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods
 Make some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
 But I offend,—Virgil begins to frown,
 And Horace looks with indignation down :
 My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like implicitly admires.

* * * * *

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast :
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he 's understood.
 How many ages since has Virgil writ ?
 How few there are who understand him yet !
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there.

* * * * *

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;
 Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind :
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng :
 The multitude is always in the wrong.

* * * * *

Truth still is one : truth is divinely bright,
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate.

Your style will this thro' all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplexed.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist ;
And grow unjust by being over nice,
For superstitious virtue turns to vice.

* * * * *

Excursions are inexpiably bad ;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. (*Circa 1650.*)

CLXXVIII.

FROM THE GREEK.

A HOARY head with sense combined,
Claims veneration from mankind ;
But if with folly joined, it bears
The badge of ignominious years.

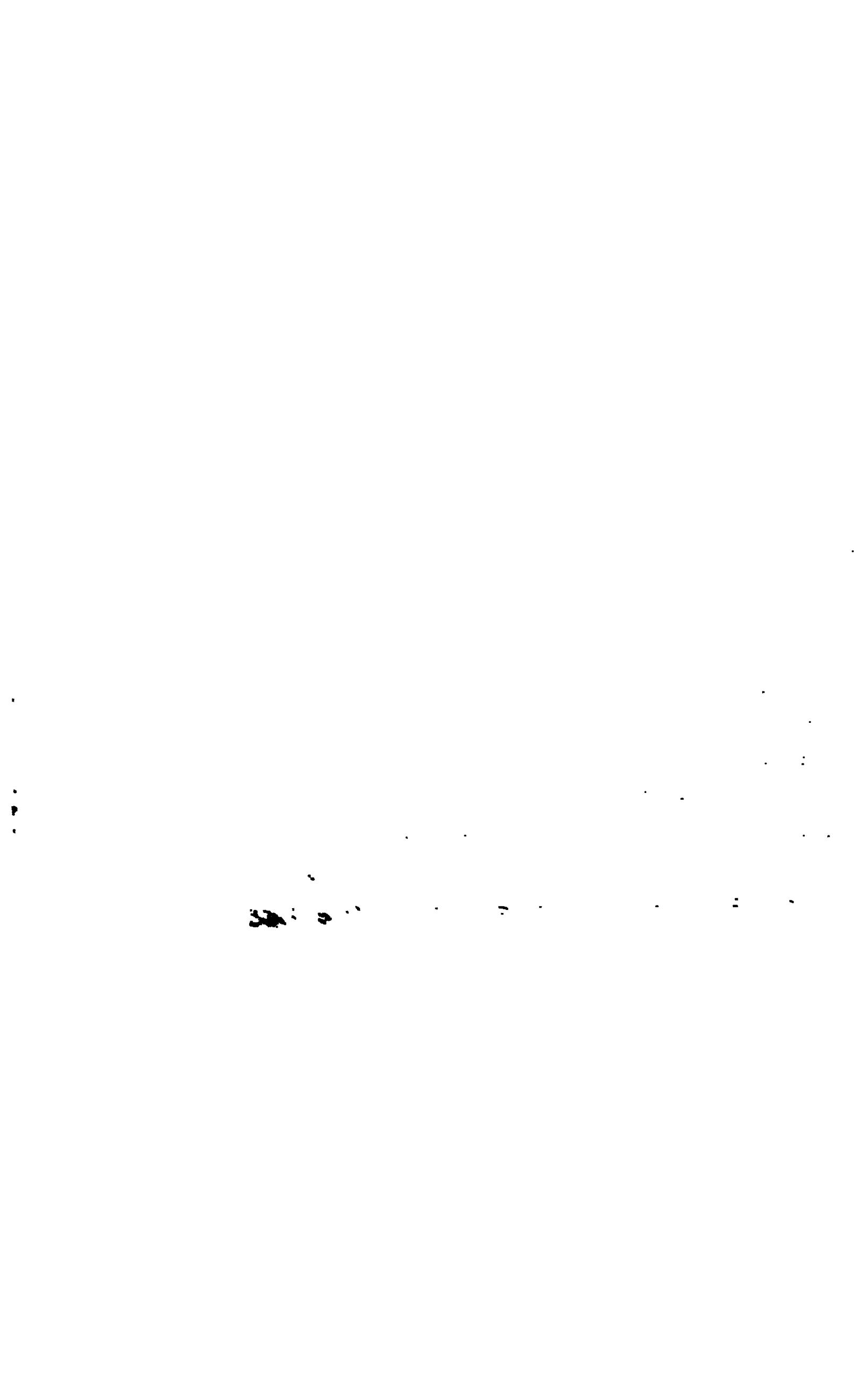
Grey locks will look for sapience well
Until your tongue dissolve the spell :
Then as in youth, 'twill all appear
No longer sense, but only hair.

CLXXIX.

IGNORANCE.

THOU may'st of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

COWPER.



CLXXXIV.

THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY ENGLISH* heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Bless'd Revolution ! which creates
Divided hearts, united states !
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize ;
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law ?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare ;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel :
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

SWIFT.

* The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal

CLXXXV.

SELF-LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last.

SWIFT.

CLXXXVI.

SONG.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;
At noon they are or short or none :
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they 're not known.
Say are not women truly then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON. (1600.)

CLXXXVII.

ON A COLD.

IT is a mistake, though the saying is old,
When a man tells you he has a *bad* cold ;
Then pray drop the saying, though long it has stood,
For I never did hear of a cold that was *good*.

CLXXXVIII.

MADRIGAL.

GIVE me my heart and I will go,
Or else forsake your wonted no,
 No, no, no—No, no, no.
But since my dear doth doubt me
With no, no, no—I mean to flout thee ;
 No, no, no.
Now there is hope we shall agree,
Since double no imparteth yea ;
If that be so, my dearest,
With no, no, no, my heart thou cheerest.

WEELKES'S *Madrigals.* (1604.)

CLXXXIX.

BATHOS.

“SINCE mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,
And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry ;
When my old cassock,” says a Welsh divine,
“Is out at elbows, why should I repine?”

PORSON.

CXC.

ANSWER TO THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

WRITE on nothing? Lady, shame so to puzzle me,
For something, lady, ne'er can nothing be.
This nothing must be something, and I see
This nothing and this something, all in thee.



CXCI.

Fools.

IN ancient times 'twas all the rage
 For each rich man to keep a sage ;
 In middle ages 'twas the rule
 For men of wealth to keep a fool :
 But what with daughters, sons, and cousins,
 Men now-a-days keep fools by dozens !

CXCII.

SENT ACROSS COURT TO A LADY BY A BARRISTER.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
 Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart ?
 You, fair one, will smile, and say, " Laws, I defy you ! "
 Assured that no peers can be summoned to try you ;
 But think not such paltry defence shall secure ye,
 For the Graces and Muses will just make a jury.

CXCIII.

BREVET RANK.

THO' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?
 In every public virtue we excel ;
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If time improves our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps a hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize!
“Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
I hold that wit a classic, good in law.”
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern, and a dunce?
“We shall not quarrel for a year or two,
By courtesy of England, he may do.”

POPE.

CXCIV.

A PAT, an old joker, and Yankee, more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows passed by.
Said the Yankee to Pat, “If I don’t make too free,
Give the gallows its due, and where would you be?”
“Why, honey,” says Pat, “faith, that’s easily known,
I’d be riding to town by myself all alone!”

CXCV.

*WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, UNDER A VOW
AGAINST MATRIMONY.*

THE lady who this resolution spoke,
Wrote it on glass, to show it might be broke.

CC.

GEORGE II.

IN most things I did as my father had done :
I was false to my wife and I hated my son.
My spending was small, and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch :
At Dettingen fight I was not known to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French.
I had neither morals, nor manners, nor wit ;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.
Here, set up my statue, and make it complete,
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

W. M. THACKERAY.

CCI.

GEORGE III.

GIVE me a royal niche, it is my due,
The virtuousest king the realm e'er knew,
I through a decent reputable life
Was constant to plain food, and a plain wife.
Ireland I risked, and lost America,
But dined on legs of mutton every day.
My brain perhaps might be a feeble part,
But yet I think I had an English heart ;—
When all the kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon.
Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George.
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets,
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets :

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea ;
 Where was the king in Europe like to me ?
 Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores,
 My bounty rescued kings and emperors :
 But what boots victory by land and sea ?
 What boots that kings found refuge at my knee ?
 I was a conqueror, but yet not proud,
 And careless, even though Napoleon bowed.
 The rescued kings came to kiss my garments' hem,
 The rescued kings I never heeded them.
 My guns roared triumph, but I never heard :
 All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.
 What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,
 A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower.

W. M. THACKERAY.

CCII.

GEORGE IV.

HE never acted well by man or woman,
 And was as false to his mistress as to his wife.
 He deserted his friends and his principles :
 He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell ;
 But he had some taste in cutting out coats,
 And an undeniable taste for cookery.
 He built the palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
 And for these qualities and proofs of genius,
 An admiring aristocracy
 Designed him the “First Gentleman in Europe.”
 Friends, respect the king whose statue is here,
 And the generous aristocracy who admired him !

CCIII.

WIT FROM THE COURT (CRIMINAL).

A man of small sense
Once made his defence
On a trial with seeming pomposity :
 But proved pretty well
 He could but ill spell,
For he made use of the word—"curosity!"

Either Denman or Chitty
(Both equally witty),
"How he murders the language!" did cry out.
 "'Tis not murder," said Best,
 "It must be confessed,
But merely the knocking an 'i' out."

CCIV.

THE BELL MAN.

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders Benedicitie,
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night ;
Mercie secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, good day to you !

HERRICK.

CCV.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'TIS not the food, but the content
 That makes the table's merriment.
 Where trouble serves the board, we eate
 The platters then as soon as meate.
 A little pipkin with a bit
 Of mutton, or of veal in it,
 Set on my table, trouble-free,
 More than a feast contenteth me.

HERRICK.

CCVI.

SONG.

DRY those fair, those crystal eyes,
 Which like growing fountains rise
 To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
 Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
 Thy lovely face was never meant
 To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,
 Which else portend a lasting rain;
 Lest the clouds which settle there
 Prolong my winter all the year,
 And thy example others make
 In love with sorrow, for thy sake!

DR. HENRY KING. (1591-1669.)

CCVII.

JUSTICE.

FOR Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long ;
And like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right
From Stile's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus* :
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again like *hiccus doctius*.

SAMUEL BUTLER. (1612-1680.)

CCVIII.

SCIENCE AND FOLLY.

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
Go soar, with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself—and be a fool !

POPE.

CCIX.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Written by himself, November, 1731, after reading the following maxim of Ro^{is} lefeoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."

As Ro^{is} lefeoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true :
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast :
" In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends ;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size ;
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ?
I love my friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post :
Suppose it but an inch at most.

* * * * *

I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,
And till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents Heaven has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts ! but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;

W. J. H. - In Society

By adding largely to my years :
“ He’s older than he would be reckon’d,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale,
But now he’s quite another thing,—
I wish he may hold out till spring ! ”
They hug themselves, and reason thus,
“ It is not yet so bad with us ! ”
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d’yes come of course,
And servants answer, “ Worse and worse ! ”)
Would please them better than to tell
That “ God be praised, the Dean is well.”
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest :
“ You know I always fear’d the worst,
And often told you so at first.”
He’d rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read ;
 "He hardly breathes." "The Dean is dead."
 Before the passing bell begun,
 The news thro' half the town is run.
 "O ! may we all for death prepare !
 What has he left ? and who 's his heir ?"
 "I know no more than what the news is ;
 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
 "To public uses ! there 's a whim !
 What had the public done for him ?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood !"

* * * * *

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at Court "the Dean is dead."
 And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone ! 'tis time he should !"

* * * * *

Now Cull his shop from rubbish drains,
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains !
 And then to make them pass the glibber,

Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.

He 'll treat me as he does my betters,

Publish my will, my life, my letters :

Revive the libels born to die,

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

“I 'm sorry—but we all must die !”

* * * * *

My female friends, whose tender hearts

Have better learned to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps :

“The Dean is dead ! (Pray what is trumps ?)

Then Lord have mercy on his soul !

(Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole)

Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall :

(I wish I knew what king to call).

Madam, your husband will attend

The funeral of so good a friend ?”

“No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight,

And he 's engaged to-morrow night :

My Lady Club will take it ill

If he should fail her at quadrille.

He loved the Dean (I lead a heart),

But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come : he ran his race,
 We hope he 's in a better place."
 Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply !
 One year is past :—a different scene ;
 No further mention of the Dean ;
 Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where 's now this favourite of Apollo ?
 Departed, and his works must follow ;
 Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.
 Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
 Says Lintot. " I have heard the name,
 He died a year ago." " The same."
 He searches all the shops in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane ;
 I sent them with a load of books,
 Last Monday, to the pastry cook's.
 To fancy they could live a year !
 I find you 're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past,
 The town has got a better taste.
 I keep no antiquated stuff,
 But spick and span I have enough."

SWIFT.

CCX.

“VERY LIKE A WHALE.”

THE first of all the royal infant males
Should take the title of the Prince of Wales ;
Because 'tis plain to seaman and to lubber
Babies and whales are both inclined to blubber.

CCXI.

*ON AN M.P. WHO WON HIS SEAT, BUT LOST
HIS CHARACTER.*

His degradation is complete,
His name with loss of honour branding ;
When he resolved to win his seat,
He literally lost his standing.

CCXII.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF UNGENTLE MOODS.

“COME hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What say you, my love, does it strike you ?”
“I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you !”

CCXIII.

TO SERJEANT GARROW,

WHO WAS CROSS-EXAMINING AN OLD WOMAN, TO PROVE THAT A
TENDER HAD BEEN MADE FOR CERTAIN DISPUTED PREMISES.

GARROW, forbear ! That tough old jade
Can never prove a tender made !

JEKYLL.

CCXIV.

SONG.

FINE young folly, tho' you were
 That fair beauty that I swear,
 Yet you ne'er could reach my heart ;
 For we courtiers learn at school
 Only with your sex to fool ;
 You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
 Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
 Holding parley with your eye,
 Then dilate on my desires,
 Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires,
 All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
 Gentle soul, you think your face
 Strait some murder doth commit !
 And your virtue doth begin
 To grow scrup'lous of my sin,
 When I talk to show my wit !

Yet tho' truth hath this confess,
 And I vow I love in jest,
 When I next begin to court,
 And protest an am'rous flame,
 You will swear I earnest am,
 Bedlam ! this is pretty sport !

GEORGE ETHERIDGE. (1636-1688.)

CCXV.

*A DISPUTE BETWEEN SIR GODFREY KNELLER
AND DR. RADCLIFFE.*

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, “I’ll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlocked any more !”
“Your threats,” replies Radcliffe, “disturb not my ease,
And so you don’t *paint* it, you may do what you please.”
“You’re smart,” rejoins Kneller, “but say what you will,
I’ll *take* anything from you—but potion or pill !”

CCXVI.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S EPITAPH.

THE other day Sam said to Ralph,
“Who’s to make Goldsmith’s epitaph?”
“None living can !” Ralph sharp replied,
“He should have wrote it ere he died.”

CCXVII.

ON A WINDOW.

THE glass, by lovers’ nonsense blurred,
Dims and obscures our sight,
So, when our passions Love has stirred,
It darkens Reason’s light.

SWIFT.

CCXVIII.

IN AN UNLAWED COMMON.

The bad enough is man or woman
 To steal a goose from the common;
 But surely he's without excuse
 Who steals the common from the goose!

CCXIX.

YOUTH.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a dying:
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, goe marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

CCXX.

STEDFAST.

FOR my neighbour Ile not know,
Whether high he builds or no ;
Onely this Ile look upon,
Firm be my foundation.
Sound or unsound let it be,
'Tis the lot ordained for me.
He who to the ground do's fall,
Has not whence to sink at all.

HERRICK.

CCXXI.

ON THE RIVER HAUS-SUR-LESSE, BELGIUM.

OLD Euclid may go to the wall,
For we 've solved what he never could guess,
How the fish in the river are small,
But the river they live in is Lesse.

Notes and Queries.

CCXXII.

ON MAC ADAM, THE ROAD-MAKER.

“ My Essay on Roads,” quoth Mac Adam, “ lies there,
The result of a life's lucubration ;
But does not the title-page look rather bare ?
I long for a Latin quotation.”

A Delphin edition of Virgil stood nigh,
To second his classic desire ;
When the road-maker hit on the shepherd's reply,
“ Miror magis,” I rather *add* mire.

Notes and Queries.

CCXXIII.

FROM THE GREEK.

THE Muses to Herodotus one day
 Came, nine of them, and dined :
 And in return, their host to pay,
 They left a book behind.

CCXXIV.

RUMOUR.

THE flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travelled with increase from mouth to mouth.

* * * * *

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.

POPE.

CCXXV.

SIN.

MAN-LIKE it is to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like it is to dwell therein ;
 Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
 God-like it is all sin to leave.

LONGFELLOW.

CCXXVI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves
be ground.

LONGFELLOW.

CCXXVII.

ON THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

VIDIT ET ERUBUIT LYMPHA PUDICA DEUM.

THE modest water, awed by power divine,
Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine.

CCXXVIII.

TRUE WIT.

TRUE wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd :
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

* * * * *

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon :
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE.

CCXXIX.

*INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

ISAAC NEWTONUS
 Quem immortalem
 Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum :
 Mortalem
 Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said, Let Newton be ! and all was light.

POPE.

CCXXX.

PRE-RAFFAELISM.

IF at a distance you would paint a pig,
 Make out each single bristle of his back ;
 Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
 Let not the Caxon a distinctness lack ;
 Else all the lady critics will so stare,
 And, angry vow, " 'tis not a bit like hair."

Claude's distances are too confused—
 One floating scene—nothing made out—
 For which he ought to be abused,
 Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
 Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
 And to my view eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
 With every feather of his tail and wing.

PETER PINDAK.

CCXXXI.

TO DAFFADILLS.

FAIRE daffadills, we weep to see

You haste away so soone ;

As yet the early rising sun

Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,

Untill the hasting day

Has run,

But to the even-song ;

And having pray'd together,

We will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,

We have as short a spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay,

As you, or any thing.

We die

As your hours doe, and drie

Away,

Like to the summer's raine ;

Or as the pearles of morning's dew,

Ne'r to be found againe.

HERRICK.

CCXXXII.

EUROPE'S BALANCE.

Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,

For nothing's left in either of the scales.

SWIFT.

CCXXXIII.

*ON SIR JOHN LEACH GOING OVER FROM THE
OPPOSITION TO THE TORIES.*

THE Leach you've just bought should first have been tried,
 To examine its nature and powers ;
 You can hardly expect it will stick to *your* side,
 Having fallen so lately from ours.

CCXXXIV.

FLATTERY.

THE zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

* * * * *

A vile encomium doubly ridicules ;
 There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woful likeness, and if lies,
 Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives ;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves—
 Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things—
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho !

POPE.

CCXXXV.

STERN LOGIC.

IF the boy who turnips cries,
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

DR. JOHNSON.

CCXXXVI.

NOSCE TE IPSUM.

AN EXCEPTION.

I 'VE not said so to *you*, my friend, and I 'm not going.
· *You* may find so many people better worth knowing.

From the Chinese.

CCXXXVII.

THE TRAGEDY OF SMUG THE SMITH.

A SMITH for felony was apprehended,
And being condemned for having so offended,
The townsmen, with a general consent,
Unto the Judge with a petition went,
Affirming that no smith did near them dwell,
And for his art they could not spare him well ;
For he was good at edge-tool, lock, and key,
And for a farrier most rare man, quoth they.
The discreet Judge unto the clowns replied,
How shall the Law be justly satisfied ?
A thief that steals must die therefore, that 's flat !
O Sir, said they, we have a trick for that :
Two weavers dwelling in our town there are,
And one of them we very well can spare ;
Let *him* be hang'd, we very humbly crave—
Nay, hang them both, so we the smith may save !
The Judge he smiled at their simple jest,
And said the smith would serve the hangman best.

S. ROWLANDS. (1600.)

CCXXXVIII.

A GOOSE.

A GOOSE, my granny one day said,
 Entering a barn pops down its head.
 I begged her then the cause to show.
 She told me she must waive the task,
 For nothing but a goose would ask
 What nothing but a goose could know !

CCXXXIX.

VICARIOUS JUSTICE.

JUSTICE gives sentence many times
 On one man for another's crimes ;
 Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse,
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need ;
 As lately 't happent : In a town
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use,
 And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain
 In times of peace, an Indian,
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal
 (Because he was an infidel),
 The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both nations, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender :
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' the trade
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble),
Resolv'd to spare him ; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

SAMUEL BUTLER. (1612-80.)

CCXL.

SOLID LEARNING.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting
(Though for breakfast too savoury, I ween),
He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
“ What a breakfast of learning is mine ! ”
“ A breakfast of learning ! ” with wonder he cried,
And laughed, for he thought him mistaken ;
“ Why, what is it else ? ” the sage quickly replied,
“ When I 'm making large extracts from Bacon ? ”

CCXLI.

SENT BY THE LATE DR. JENNER WITH A COUPLE OF DUCKS TO A PATIENT.

I 'VE despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
 To say that Miss —— is very much better ;
 A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
 And therefore I 've sent her a couple of quacks.

CCXLII.

BITS.

As a man and his horse had just tarried one day
 At an inn, and the ostler was bringing some hay,
 Says the man, " It must be very irksome indeed
 With bits in their mouths for the horses to feed."
 " Not at all," says the ostler, " unless I 'm a sinner,
 I 've a bit in my mouth every day at my dinner."

CCXLIII.

AN IDEAL.

OF your trouble, Ben, to ease me, . . .
 I will tell what man would please me.
 I would have him, if I could,
 Noble, or of gentle blood ;
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a woman God did make me !
 French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his manners of that nation.
 Young I 'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a man ; with crisped hair,

Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For love's fingers, and his wings :
Chestnut colour, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black,
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.
Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow ;
Even nose, and cheek withal,
Smooth as is the billiard-ball :
Chin as woolly as the peach ;
And his lips should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft ;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to show a blush
Rising through it, ere it came.
'Twere too long to speak of all :
What we harmony do call,
In a body, should be there.
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him ;
Drest, you still for man should take him,
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire.

Sometimes as the clouds to earth,
 And as broken as his birth.
 All his actions to be such
 As to do no thing too much:
 Nor over praise, nor yet condemn.
 Nor outvalue, nor constrain:
 Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive.
 Nor tie knots, nor knots untie:
 And from baseness to be free.
 As he durst love truth and me.
 Such a man, with every part
 I could give my very heart:
 But of one if short he came,
 I can rest me where I am.

BEN JONSON. (1600.)

CCXLIV.

*ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FELLOW OF
 ALL SOULS.*

POOR Tom, so strangely love his mind controls,
 Has, for *one single body*, left ALL SOULS.

CCXLV.

WELL AND ILL.

THOU speakest always ill of me,
 And I speak always well of thee:
 But spite of all our noise and bother,
 The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

From MARTIAL.

CCXLVI.

SHEARS.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before :
"Say," cries the losing client, "how came you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" one answers, "lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between!"

CCXLVII.

ON SHELLEY'S POEM, "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

SHELLEY styles his new poem, 'Prometheus Unbound,'
And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round,
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding.

THEO. HOOK.

CCXLVIII.

ON POETRY.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Say Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bay in fifty years :
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.

What reason can there be assigned
 For this perverseness in the mind?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie :
 A bear will not attempt to fly ;
 A foundered horse will oft debate
 Before he tries a five-barred gate :
 A dog by instinct turns aside
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But man we find the only creature
 Who, led by Folly, combats Nature ;
 Who, when she loudly cries, "Forbear,"
 With obstinacy fixes there ;
 And where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.

* * * * *

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains !
 How unproportion'd to thy pains !
 And here a simile comes pat in :
 Though chickens take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So, after toiling twenty days
 To earn' a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea :
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the chickens went before !

* * * * *

To statesmen would you give a wife,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
But when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest :
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant ;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

* * * * *

But poems read without a name
• We justly praise, or justly blame ;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse.

* * * * *

A prince, the moment he is crown'd
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower :
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies :
His humble Senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.

The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze.

* * * * *

Then poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive ;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet :
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own ;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine :
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

* * * * *

Proceed no further in your part
Before you learn the terms of art,
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critic's jargon :
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place :
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends ;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards, boldly quote.

* * * * *

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in ;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

* * * *

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature ;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
A fox with geese his belly crams,
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs :
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit :
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

* * * *

In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall,
But who can reach the worst of all ?

For though in nature, depth and height
 Are equally held infinite,
 In poetry the height we know,
 'Tis only infinite below.

SWIFT.

CCXLIX.

BRAG AND GRAB.

THE initials of Brougham, Russell, Althorp, and Grey,
 If rightly disposed, the word BRAG will display;
 Transpose them, a GRAB will appear to the view:
 Which hints at what many assert to be true,—
 That they, like former statesmen, still follow the plan,
 First to *brag* what they 'll do, and then *grab* all they can.

CCL..

COLOGNE.

IN Köln, the town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
 I counted two and seventy stenches,
 All well defined and separate stinks !
 Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne.
 But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CCLI.

MY ALMES.

HERE, here I live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My Almes is such ;
But if my deal
Of oyl and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More Ile bestow:
Mean time, be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

HERRICK.

CCLII.

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kisse,
And no more :
If so be this
Makes you poore,
To enrich you,
Ile restore
For that one, two
'Thousand more.

HERRICK.

CCLIII.

*UPON THE CAT WHO HAD EATEN MY
LUTE-STRINGS.*

ARE these the strings that poets feign
Have clear'd the air and calm'd the main ?
Charm'd wolves, and from the mountain crests
Made forests dance, with all their beasts ?
Could these neglected shreds you see
Inspire a lute of ivory
And make it speak ? O then think what
Hath been committed by my cat,
Who, in the silence of this night,
Hath gnawn these cords, and marr'd them quite,
Leaving such relics as may be
For frets, not for my lute, but me !
Puss ! I will curse thee ! May'st thou dwell
With some dry hermit in a cell,
Where rat ne'er peep'd, where mouse ne'er fed,
And flies go supperless to bed ;
Or with some close par'd brother, where
Thou 'lt fast each Sabbath in the year ;
Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a mouse on Sunday.
Or may'st thou tumble from some tower,
And miss to light upon all four,
Taking a fall that may untie
Eight of nine lives, and let them fly !

SIR JOHN MENNIS. (*Circa 1620.*)

CCLIV.

NON NOBIS.

KNOW, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use ! "
" See man for mine ! " replies a pamper'd goose.

POPE.

CCLV.

COMPENSATION.

ABSTRACT what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
Each has his share, and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law, and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness :
But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole .
One common blessing, as one common soul.

POPE.

CULPT.

IN AN ATTENTANT LAWYER.

As we were bousing a brother,
 For something to read—some novel or other,
 This was truly fresh and new.
 "Take this," I replied to his legal friend;
 "There is a book I could lend
 Which you're more suited to you!"

CULVI.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I writing in despair.
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the dewy meads in May;
 If she be not so to me
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd.
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 The turtle dove or pelican;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seem too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER. (1588-1669.)

CCLVIII.

THEODORE HOOK ON A MAN CALLED WINTER,
WHO CAME INTO THE ROOM WHILE HE WAS
EXTEMPORISING AT THE PIANO.

HERE comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes ;
And that too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For tho' his name 's Winter, his actions are summery.

CCLIX.

*LINES ADDRESSED TO ALEXANDRE. THE
CELEBRATED VENTRILLOQUIST. 1824.*

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood ;
What should folk say to you ? who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night show'd us twenty !
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse ?
Or are you at once each live thing in the house ?
Each live thing, did I ask ? each dead implement too ;
A workshop in your person, saw, chisel, and screw !
Above all, are you one individual ? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you 're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job ;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot Act, and bid you disperse !

WALTER SCOTT.

CCLX.

EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

COLLISIONS four
Or five she bore,
The signals were in vain :
Grown old and rusted
Her biler busted,
And smashed the excursion train.
Her end was pieces.

Punch.

CCLXI.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

WHY "golden," when that age alone, we're told,
Was blest with happy ignorance of gold ?
More justly we our usual times might call
"The golden age," for gold is all in all.

CCLXII.

WIVES.

LORD ERSKINE, at women presuming to rail,
Says, "Wives are tin canisters tied to our tail;"
While fair Lady Anne as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.
Yet wherefore degrading, considered aright ?
A canister's useful, and polished, and bright ;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

LEWIS.

THE TOWER OF ED

CLIX.

THE TOWER OF ED

BY THE TOWER OF ED

THE TOWER OF ED IS BLOWING NOW.

ALL IN THE TOWER OF ED.

THE TOWER OF ED IS.

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ALL IN THE TOWER OF ED IS.

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HERRICK.

CLXIV.

THE TOWER OF ED

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HERRICK.

CLXV.

MEET WITHOUT MIRTH.

LAST I have, and though I had good cheere,
I did not sup, because no friends were there.
When mirth and friends are absent when we dine
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

HERRICK.

CCLXVI.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

LET me sleep this night away,
Till the dawning of the day ;
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
I and all the world shall rise.

HERRICK.

CCLXVII.

JUDGMENT IN CHANCERY.

WHEN house and lands are gone and spent,
Then “judgment” is most excellent.

CCLXVIII.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow ;
The fields were green, the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow :
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score ;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two ;
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Augereau,
 Heigh ho ! for Moscow !
 Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
 Marshal Ney, lack-a-day !
 General Rapp and the Emperor Nap :
 Nothing would do
 While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Nothing would do
 For the whole of this crew,
 But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big
 That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
 John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
 Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
 To grant you peace upon your knees,
 Because he is going to Moscow :
 He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
 And beat the Russians and eat the Prussians,
 For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
 Morbleu Parbleu :
 And he'll certainly march to Moscow !

Old Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
 At the thought of the march to Moscow :
 The Russians he said, they were undone,
 And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
 Would presently come
 With a hop, skip, and jump into London.

For as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.

Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet :
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd :
It was through thick and thin to its party true ;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue ;
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
It served them for Law and for Gospel too !

But the Russians stoutly they turned-to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through ;
They could fight, though they could not *parlez-vous*,
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road to Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Temalow,
And all the others that end in ow ;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And all the others that end in itch ;
Schamscheff and Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff ;
Wasilischikoff, Kostomoroff,
And Tchogoloff,
And all the others that end in off ;
Rajeffsky and Novareffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky ;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky.
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutonoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodronoff he flogged them off.
And last of all an Admiral came,

A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well ;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night ;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight ;
But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !

When parlez-vous no more would do,
 For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow
 All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power ;
For him, who while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
 Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !

What a horrible journey from Moscow !

What then thought the Emperor Nap
 Upon the road from Moscow ?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night :
And he was besides in a very great fright,
 For a whole skin he liked to be in.

Street.

THE 17th JULY
THE 17th JULY
THE 17th JULY

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THE EARTH

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EAR-NECESSITY.

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The sunbeams are more task and pert
The more the brighter is art:
As little spangles are more bright
The gaudier ones the more them light

CCLXXII.

THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pailes, and clese your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

HERRICK.

CCLXXIII.

THE WATCH.

MAN is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again ; once down, he's down for ever :
The watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;
The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

HERRICK.

CCLXXIV.

UPON THE TOP OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be ;
First dyes the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

HERRICK.

CCLXXV.

QUACKS.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may, by good luck to be sure,
 Blunder out, at haphazard, a desperate cure,
 In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
 Case, patient, and doctor are amply displayed.
 All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it,
 If they save a man's life, they 've a right to proclaim it :
 But there 's reason to think they might save more lives still,
 Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill !

CCLXXVI.

UNIMPORTANT.

THY praise or dispraise is to me alike,
 One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

BEN JONSON.

CCLXXVII.

DR. SOUTH.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckoned,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
 But much too serious for a court
 Who at all preaching made a sport :
 He soon perceived his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The doctor stopped ; began to call
 " Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale !
 My lord ! why 'tis a monstrous thing,
 You snore so loud, you 'll wake the king ! "

CCLXXVIII.

ADVICE TO A DRAMATIST.

YOUR comedy I 've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered best.
But sure the drama you might mend ;
Take courage, man, and steal *the rest!*

CCLXXIX.

TIMON'S VILLA.

AT Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away ! "
So proud, so grand : of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze !
Lo ! what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wilderness to perplex the scene ;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a summerhouse that knows no shade.
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bowers,
 There gladiators fight, or die, in flowers ;
 Upwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

POPE.

CCLXXX.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DAMIS, an author cold and weak,
 Thinks as a critic he's divine.
 'Tis like enough : we often make
 Good vinegar of sorry wine.

CCLXXXI.

ON YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

His life is lifeless, and his death shall die,
 And mortal is his immortality.

CCLXXXII.

MENDAX.

SEE, yonder goes old Mendax telling lies
 To that good easy man with whom he's walking.
 How know I that? you ask in some surprise.
 Why don't you see, dear friend, the fellow's talking !

CCLXXXIII.

RAILWAYS.

SHORT was the passage through this earthly vale,
By turnpike roads when mortals used to wend ;
But now we travel by the way of rail,
As soon again we reach the journey's end.

CCLXXXIV.

WILLS.

MEN dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad :
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had ?

CCLXXXV.

THE PRECEPTOR HUSBAND.

“ AUGUSTA, love,” said Finch, “ while you engage
In that embroidery, let me read a page ;
Suppose it Hume’s ; indeed he takes a side,
But still an author need not be our guide ;
And as he writes with elegance and ease,
Do now attend—he will be sure to please.
Here at the Revolution we commence,—
We date, you know, our liberties from thence.”

“ Yes, sure,” Augusta answered with a smile,
“ Our teacher always talk’d about his style ;

When we about the Revolution read,
 And how the martyrs to the flames were led ;
 The good old Bishops, I forget their names,
 But they were all committed to the flames :
 Maidens and widows, bachelors and wives,—
 The very babes and sucklings lost their lives.
 I read it all in Guthrie at the school,—
 What now !—I know you took me for a fool !
 There were five Bishops taken from the stall,
 And twenty widows, I remember all.
 And by this token, that our teacher tried
 To cry for pity, till she howl'd and cried.”

“True, true, my love, but you mistake the thing,—
 The Revolution that made William king
 Is what I mean, the Reformation you,
 In Edward and Elizabeth.” “Tis true :
 But the nice reading is the love between
 The brave Lord Essex and the cruel queen,
 And how he sent the ring to save his head,
 Which the false lady kept till he was dead.”

“That is all true.” “Now read, and I'll attend :
 But was she not a most deceitful friend ?
 It was a monstrous, vile, and treacherous thing,
 To show no pity, and to keep the ring !
 But the queen shook her in her dying bed,
 And ‘God forgive you !’ was the word she said,
 ‘Not I for certain :’ ‘Come, I will attend,
 And end the Revolution to an end.’”

Finch, with a timid, strange, inquiring look,
Softly and slowly laid aside the book.
With sigh inaudible :—“Come, never heed,”
Said he recovering, “now I cannot read.”

They walked at leisure thro’ their woods and groves,
In fields and lanes, and talked of plants and loves,
And loves of plants. Said Finch, “Augusta dear,
You said you loved to learn,—were you sincere?
Do you remember that you told me once
How much you grieved, and said you were a dunce?
That is, you wanted information. Say,
What would you learn? I will direct your way.”

“Goodness!” said she, “what meanings you discern
In a few words! I said I wished to learn,
And so I think I did; and you replied
The wish was good: what would you now beside?
Did you not say it showed an ardent mind;
And pray what more do you expect to find?”

“My dear Augusta, could you wish indeed
For any knowledge, and not then proceed?
That is not wishing—”

“Mercy! how you tease!
You knew I said it with a view to please;
A compliment to you, and quite enough,—
You would not kill me with that puzzling stuff!
Sure I might say I wish’d;—but that is still
Far from a promise: it is not, ‘I will.’

But come, to show you that I will not hide
 My proper talents, you shall be my guide ;
 And Lady Boothby, when we meet, shall cry,
 ' She 's quite as good a botanist as I.' ”
 — Right my Augusta : ” and in manner grave,
 Finch his first lecture on the science gave ;
 An introduction.—and he said, “ My dear,
 Your thought was happy,—let us persevere ;
 And let no trifling cause our work retard.”
 Agreed the lady, but she fear'd it hard.

Now o'er the grounds they rambled many a mile,
 He showed the flowers, the stamina, the style,
 Call and coroll, pericarp and fruit,
 And all the plant produces, branch and root.
 Of these he treated every varying shape,
 Till poor Augusta panted to escape.
 He showed the various foliage plants produce,
 Lattice and lyrate, runcinate, retuse ;
 Lucy were the learned words, and urged with force,
 Pinnatifida, pinnatind, premorse,
 Lacinia and parent, papulous and plane,—
 “ Oh ! ” said the pupil, “ it will turn my brain ! ”
 “ Hear out ” he answered, and again, intent
 To all that mind, o'er class and order went ;
 And saying, “ Now, ” said he, “ my love, attend.”
 “ I do, ” said she, “ but when will be an end ? ”
 “ When we have made some progress—now begin :
 What is the sigma? show me with the pin :

Come, I have told you, dearest, let me see,
Times very many,—tell it now to me.”
“Stigma! I know,—the things with yellow heads,
That shed the dust and grow upon the threads.
You call them wives and husbands, but you know
That is a joke,—look here, and I will show
All I remember.” Doleful was the look
Of the preceptor, when he shut his book,
(The system brought to aid them in their view,)
And now with sighs return’d, “It will not do.”

CRABBE.

CCLXXXVI.

A WHET.

Too late for dinner by an hour,
The dandy entered, from a shower
Caught, and no coach when mostly wished,
The beau was, like the dinner, *dished*.
Mine host then, with fat capon lined,
Grinned, and exclaimed, “I s’pose you’ve dined—
Indeed I see, you took—’twas wrong—
A *whet*, sir, as you came along!”

CCLXXXVII.

EPITAPH ON J. ELDRED.

HERE lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead :
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August, sixty-five.

CCLXXXVIII.

ON A GREAT EATER.

WHOE'ER you are, tread softly, I intreat you,
For if he chance to wake, he 'll eat you.

CCLXXXIX.

ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, THE ARCHITECT.

LIE heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee !

CCXC.

*ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE FREDERIC,
GEORGE THE SECOND'S ELDEST SON.*

HERE lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead :
Had it been his father,
I had much rather :
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another :
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her ;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation :
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There 's no more to be said.

CCXCI.

*TO MRS. BISHOP, WITH THE PRESENT OF
A KNIFE.*

A KNIFE, dear girl, “cuts love,” they say !
Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate—what was never joined !
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do ;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty’s store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.
That selfsame blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever :
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last ;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer ;—and a short one too :
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.
Till that be done, (and I ’d as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present, undeterr’d,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,

Love, fond of such substantial fare,
 And proud to play the glutton there,
 All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
 Save only—"Cut and come again!"

S. BISHOP.

CCXCII.

GOD IS WISE.

BEHOLD the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
 Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of Sense by Pride ;
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy :
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

POPE.

CCXCIII.

DANGER DOUBLED.

A SINGLE doctor like a sculler plies,
And all his art, and all his physic tries ;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduct you soonest to the Stygian shores.

CCXCIV.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

As Spintext one day, in the mansion of prayer,
Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair,
A large mastiff dog began barking aloud ;
"Turn him out," cried the Doctor, enraged, to the crowd.
"And why?" answered one, "in my humble belief
He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief!"

CCXCV.

FROM "THE BACHELOR."

BELIEVE me ! ill my dust would rest,
If the plain marble o'er my breast
That tells in letters large and clear,
"The Bones of Thomas Quince lie here!"
Should add a talisman of strife,
"Also the Bones of Jane his wife!"
No ! while beneath this simple stone
Old Quince shall sleep, and sleep alone,
Some village oracle, who well
Knows how to speak, and read, and spell,

Shall slowly construe, bit by bit,
 My “*Natus*,” and my “*Obiit*,”
 And then with sage discourse and long,
 Recite my virtues to the throng.
 “The gentleman came straight from college :
 A most prodigious man for knowledge !
 He used to pay all men their due,
 Hated a miser—and a Jew,
 But always opened wide his door
 To the first knocking of the poor.
 None, as the grateful parish knows,
 Save the churchwardens, were his foes ;
 They could not bear the virtuous pride
 Which gave the sixpence they denied.
 If neighbours had a mind to quarrel,
 He used to treat them to a barrel ;
 And that I think was sounder law
 Than any book I ever saw.
 The ladies never used to flout him ;
 But this was rather strange about him,
 That, gay or thoughtful, young or old,
 He took no wife for love or gold ;
 Woman he called ‘a pretty thing,’
 But never could abide a ring !”

W. M. PRAED.

CCXCVI.

TO A BAD ORATOR.

You move the people when you speak,
 For one by one, away they sneak !

CCXCVII.

CHANGE A LETTER.

SAYS * * who held great contracts of the nation,
"I've made ten thousand pounds by speculation."
Cries * * * "By speculation! you deceive me;
Strike out the s indeed, and I'll believe ye!"

CCXCVIII.

A SAINT IN CRAPE.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn.
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still:
A gownman learn'd, a bishop, what you will.
Wise, if a minister; but if a king
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.

POPE.

CCXCIX.

*ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POEM OF
WATERLOO.*

ON Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man lies slain;
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

LORD ERSKINE.

CCC.

VARIETY.

NAY, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
 As various as my dishes. The feast's naught
 Where one huge plate predominates. John Plaintext,
 He shall be mighty beef, our English staple ;
 The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling ;
 Yon pair of whiskered Cornets, ruffs and reeves ;
 Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
 And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
 On the same principle,—Variety.

WALTER SCOTT.

CCCI.

A SIGN.

The sign of the Duke of Richmond Inn, Goodwood, is the old figure-head of Commodore Anson's ship, in which he sailed round the world. It bears the following inscription :

STAY traveller, awhile, and view
 I, who have travell'd more than you
 Quite round the globe in each degree,
 Anson and I have ploughed the sea ;
 Torrid and frigid zones have pass'd
 And safe ashore arrived at last,
 In ease and dignity appear,
 He in the House of Lords—I here.

CCCII.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
grinds He all.

LONGFELLOW.

CCCIII.

*THE SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC
CHICKEN.*

N.B.—He had just chipped through his shell, and was contemplating it.

Most strange !

Most queer,—altho' most excellent a change !

Shades of the prison house, ye disappear !

My fettered thoughts have now a wider range,

And, like my legs, are free ;

No longer huddled up so pitifully :

Free now to pry and probe, and peep and peer,

And make these mysteries out.

Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt ?

For now in doubt undoubtedly I am :

This Problem 's very heavy on my mind,
And I 'm not one to either shirk or sham !

I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind !

Now, let me see ;

First, I would know how did I get in *there* ?

Then, where was I of yore ?

Besides, why didn't I get out before ?

Bless me !

Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)
Enough to give me pip upon the brain !

But let me think again.

How do I know I ever *was* inside ?

Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,

Less than my reason, and beneath my pride

To think that I could dwell

In such a paltry miserable cell

As that old shell.

Of course I couldn't ! How could *I* have lain

Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,

And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,

In there ?

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;

It's quite incredible ; since I declare

(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)

What I can't understand I won't believe.

Where *did* I come from then ? Ah ! where indeed ?

This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.

I have it ! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow :—

There now !

That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?

My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant *I* say ;
So far behind the wisdom of the day !

What's old I can't revere.
Hark at her. " You're a little fool, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack !
As is the piece of shell upon your back !"
How bigoted ! upon my back, indeed !
I don't believe it's there :
For I can't see it ; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see, I never will believe in !

S. J. STONE.

CCCIV.

A RETORT.

" THE Queen is with us," Whigs exulting say,
" For when she found us in she let us stay."
It may be so, but give me leave to doubt,
How long she'll keep you, when she finds you out.

CCCV.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

THE gentleman who dines the latest,
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest ;
But surely, greater than them all,
Is he who never dines at all !

CCCVI.

A very handsome lady, called Charlotte Ness, asked the meaning of the words *abstract* and *concrete*. The answer given was as follows :

“ SAY what is abstract, what concrete ?

 Their difference define.”

“ They both in one fair person meet,
 And that, dear maid, is thine.”

“ How so ? The riddle pray undo ? ”

 “ I thus your wish express ;

For when I lovely Charlotte view,
 I then view loveli-ness ! ”

CCCVII.

Lord Ross offered a prize to any one giving a rhyme for Porringer. This was one result of the competition :

THE Duke of York a daughter had ;
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
And now, my lord, I claim the prize
For finding rhyme to “ Porringer.”

CCCVIII.

APSLEY HOUSE, NOVEMBER, 1852.

Now from the chamber all are gone
Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington.
Derby and Diz do all they can
To emulate so great a man :
If neither can be quite so great,
Resolved is each to *lie in state*.

W. S. LANDOR.

CCCIX.

FROM "THE WIDOW'S TALE."

To Farmer Moss, in Langar Vale, came down,
His only daughter, from her school in town ;
A tender, timid maid ! who knew not how
To pass a pigsty, or to face a cow !
Smiling she came, with petty talents graced,
A fair complexion, and a slender waist.
Used to spare meals, disposed in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure ;
When by the steaming beef he hungry sat,
And laid at once a pound upon his plate.
Hot from the field, her eager brother seized
An equal part, and hunger's rage appeased ;
The air, surcharged with moisture, flagg'd around,
And the offended damsel sighed and frowned.
The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid ;
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook,
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Filled with huge balls of farinaceous food,
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen :
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new ;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soiled by rude hinds who cut and come again,

She could not breathe ; but with a heavy sigh
 Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye.
 She minced the sanguine flesh in frustrums fine,
 And wondered much to see the creatures dine.

CRABBE.

CCCX.

ON SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

I 'VE always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
 As an architect, one of the greatest men ;
 And, talking of epitaphs,—much I admire his,
 “ *Circumspice, si monumentum requiris,* ”
 Which an erudite verger translated to me,
 “ If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see.* ”

BARHAM.

CCCXI.

EPIGRAM.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempest caught,
 Once in his life, a church's shelter sought ;
 Where many a hint, pathetically grave,
 On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
 The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
 Home trudg'd old Cogdie, reasoning as he went.
 “ Strict truth,” quoth he, “ this reverend sage declar'd ;
 I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd ;—
 Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
 Give credit for a bet, beyond a day ! ”

SAMUEL BISHOP.

CCCXII.

THE MILKY WAY.

THAT milkmen are philosophers 'tis true,
They keep celestial elements in view :
And howsoe'er their fellow-men complain
Of dismal prospects and incessant rain,
Their scene's transformed to sky-blue twice a day ;
They get their living by the milky way.

CCCXIII.

THE WOUNDED CUPID.

CUPID, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung :
Whereupon in anger flying
To his mother said, thus crying,
Help, O help ! your boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty lad, said she ?
Then blubbering, replyed he,
A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.
At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
Alas ! said she, my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is :
Come tell me then how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart ?

HERRICK.

CCCXIV.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCHLIGERLAU.

"Les Allemands prennent leur vin avec du vin que ce soit Latin :"
 "Les Allemands prennent leur vin avec du vin que ce soit Latin :"

When you with High Dutch Heeren dine,
 Expect false Latin and stumbl'd wine :
 They never teste, who always drink ;
 They always talk, who never think.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

CCCXV.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little ? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die :
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 The other let it sleep in death :
 Fitter, when it died, to tell
 That then it lived at all. Farewell.

BEN JONSON. (1574-1637.)







